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IN ITS FULNESS.

The fighting is over.
After four years and three months of carnage and bloodshed the military power that sent forth its fleets and armies in pursuit of world dominion falls on its knees—crushed and humbled.
Victory is complete.
Even less than in the case of Austria can the Allied military demands to which Germany bows be called in the strict sense an armistice.
Cessation of hostilities is neither temporary nor provisional. There is no mutual convention or agreement as between contending belligerents neither of whom has finally given up.
On the contrary, a defeated Germany sues for peace. As a first step it submits unconditionally to terms which put resumption of hostilities out of its power.
Militarism, with its pride and overweening ambition, is in the dust.
The dynasty that staked all on the ruthless destroying force of its vaunted military machine has lost all.
Armies of free, peace-loving nations marched forth and conquered it in the field. Peoples it has ruled and bedeviled with its promises have shaken off the hypnotic spell and risen against it. There is no place left for it in a civilized world.
In all history there is no record of arrogance that has had a greater fall, of pride that has been brought lower.
Throughout the United States and the Allied Nations millions of people are on their knees to-day offering thanks that the fight is gloriously won and the peril to sons, fathers, husbands and brothers on the battle lines over.
Millions more are thinking with swelling hearts of the supreme sacrifice made by those they loved, and, with eyes turned upon the fulness of the victory, thanking God that "their honored dead have in truth not died in vain."
All outward signs of rejoicing are as nothing to the sober, spiritual joy flooding the souls of peoples who have kept the faith and fought on that freedom and justice might prevail against false gods of force and oppression.
Americans in all coming generations will be forever thankful that their Nation came into the conflict to play a part worthy of it.
With the might of its resources—men, money, munitions, food—mobilized with a rapidity never equalled, the United States more than made up for lateness in putting its power behind the right in the great struggle.
The speed with which this peace-loving people armed itself for war and dealt its telling blow against an enemy on the other side of the Atlantic will be remembered as long as human records endure.
It was a proud place the United States won for itself in the fighting.
It is a proud place which its ideals and principles assure it in the Peace Council.
It is a proud place that will be now accorded it in the greatest Triumph and Thanksgiving the world has ever known.
The great spirits of Washington and Lincoln look down upon a Nation that has justified their faith, that has guarded and used well its heritage.

CONFESSION.

"The victory for which many had hoped has not been granted to us. But the German people have won this still greater victory over itself and its belief in the right of might."
It is Prince Maximilian of Baden, late Imperial German Chancellor, who makes this open and complete confession of the most colossal error that ever plunged a nation into war and brought it down to defeat and humiliation.
Prince Max has made the abject German admission of the supreme German mistake.
Along with that admission let us recall and apply two pronouncements of another German—that arch-advocate of militarism, Gen. Friedrich von Bernhardi, who wrote the famous chapter "World Power or Downfall":
"In war that nation will conquer which can throw into the scale the greatest physical, mental, moral, material and political power, and is therefore the best able to defend itself. War will furnish such a nation with favorable vital conditions, enlarged possibilities of expansion and widened influence, and thus promote the progress of mankind; for it is clear that those intellectual and moral factors which insure superiority in war are those which render possible a general progressive development. They confer victory because the elements of progress are latent in them."
"Even defeat may bear a rich harvest."

Letters From the People

Wants All Protestants to Worship in Same Churches.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
With the prospect of peace in sight why cannot the various Protestant denominations cast their lot into a single melting pot and worship in one church? It seems a crying waste to have beautiful edifices stand on expensive corner properties, with huge debts burdening them down, and then be used but once or twice a week. No business man would run his business in that way, nor would he have a beautiful, expensive building to be

With the coming shortage of coal, too, cannot we join in worshipping in one or two churches? England is doing it. Are we more shortsighted as a nation? I think not. Let us prove it.
A. R. B.
Suggests New Service for Rejected Men.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
There are thousands of men who want to help their country, rejected on account of defective vision. As France must be destitute of men, why doesn't the Government recruit a labor regiment in this city and send us over there to rebuild France and

Shot to Pieces!



How to Weather Marriage

By Helen Rowland

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VI.—Can a Woman "Choose" a Husband?

"HUSBANDS are like Christmas gifts! You can't choose them; you simply have to wait until they come along and then try to appear perfectly delighted with what you get."
I can scarcely believe that only a few years ago I wrote that aphorism, and that I actually believed it—until the Kaiser changed everything. For one of the brightest spots in the war-cloud's silver lining is the fact that it is no longer true!
Can a girl "pick and choose" her own husband? Yes, she CAN—at last!
I don't mean to imply that she can go out, off-hand, and lassoo any person of the opposite sex who looks like her "ideal" for the moment. But neither can a man do that! Neither do I insinuate that it is time for woman to go down on bended knee and do the "proposing." She CAN, of course. She can also invite a man to take her out to dinner; but it's usually the person who is going to settle the bill who does the inviting. And unless you are prepared to "support a man in the style to which he is accustomed," well—really, it isn't done. There are certain delicate customs and forms which still prevail in polite society—and they haven't changed yet.
What I do mean is that a girl CAN CHOOSE whether or not she will marry. There are SO many things in a modern woman's life besides husbands! To be a "spinster" no longer means to be a "blighted being," a dependent, a bit of sea-weed on the tide of life. NO woman marries "just to marry" in these days. There is no longer any stigma attached to single blessedness, nor any especial premium on a wedding ring. (Some women who have made a "collection" of wedding rings never wear one.) And, unless a woman can find the RIGHT husband, she does not feel positively OBLIGED to marry at all. Therefore, since a husband has become a sweet luxury, rather than a bitter necessity, she can afford to be much more fussy and particular in her selection of a life-mate, and to marry for her own happiness rather than to please the family.
This does not signify that "choosing a husband" will be a snore, and that every girl will "choose" with intelligence. Most of us will continue to choose with our hearts, thank Heaven! Besides, most husbands are as different "before" and "after" taking as the pictures in the patent medicine advertisements. You can find out so little about a man—or a woman either—before marriage. In all the little matters of habits and idiosyncrasies a woman must take her chances. And so must a man, bless him!
But there are certain big, vital, essential qualities in a man's character and make-up concerning which every girl can and MUST be absolutely certain before she braves the sea of matrimony with him—three big, vital qualities, without which no man can make any woman happy.
First, he must be a BUSY man! An idler makes a very charming dance-partner, but for a life-partner give ME a man who goes down to the office before 9 A. M. and works so hard all day that he is glad to come straight back home at 6 P. M. He may be too busy to stop by the florist's and order you roses on his way downtown—but he is likewise too busy to stop for tea with the blond mannequin on his way uptown. Nothing on earth but good, honest hard work will keep a man out of mischief after marriage, and "we can prove it."
Second, he must be KIND—and you can't judge the size of his heart by the size of his tip to the waiter or his fee to the check-room boy. You can judge it only by his gentleness and devotion to his family, his consideration for his employers or employees; by the way in which the office boy beams on him, the elevator man greets him, and his men friends regard him; by his kindness to children, animals and old ladies, and, above

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"I THINK people ought to pay their bills before they put on airs, don't you?" said Mrs. Jarr, when Mr. Jarr had settled down to read the newspaper.
Mr. Jarr was deep in the reports of the armistice arrangements and vouchsafed no answer.
"You can tell people who are always used to having plenty," said Mrs. Jarr. "They never put on airs. There's the Calverthouses we used to know. Before the war they were very rich and owned slaves. Not this World War, but the Civil War, you know. Yet Mrs. Calverthouse went out sewing by the day and never put on airs; and the stories she used to tell of what she remembered as a little girl. She used to get to crying so she'd be ruined that black velvet dress of mine by cutting the goods all up so that I never could do anything with the skirt! You remember, don't you?"
"I'll have to get the children new school coats," said Mrs. Jarr, tacking off on another subject. "It's something terrible what they ask for children's clothes. The storekeepers say it's on account of the war, but how can that be? Children's clothes are not being worn by soldiers, are they? I know you think I spend too much on the children, but it doesn't pay to get cheap things. Look at that coat I got little Willie last fall! It is all worn gray and threadbare, and he's outgrown it, anyway. Do you see any sales of little girls' overcoats hats? I think little Emma would look nice in an overseas hat, don't you?"
"Oh, certainly," replied Mr. Jarr, not hearing a word.
"Well, I'm glad you think so for once," said Mrs. Jarr. "As a general thing you don't seem to care how the children look. They are nice children, too, if I do say it!"
"The Bingleys are going to separate her, so will he treat her successor—his wife!"
Third, if you are a really modern woman—he must be CONGENIAL. For, in a normal modern marriage, you will spend most of your PLAY-TIME together, and a difference of tastes in jokes, books, plays, sports and amusements means continual martyrdom for one and continual boredom for the other. It's not the sorrows and troubles they share, but the pleasures and pastimes they DON'T share, which separate most married pairs. Without a helpmate you may exist, but without a playmate all life is stale, flat and unprofitable.
Given these three basic qualities for happiness, it doesn't matter much whether the husband you choose is rich or poor, handsome or plain, young or old. Without them he may be a combination of Croesus-Solomon-and-the Apollo-Bevelere, and yet make life one long, hideous, dreary waste of

Sari Pettrass Now Sings For Wounded Soldiers; Not Executed as Spy

Charming Young Hungarian Actress Who Made Her Bow to New Yorkers Two Years Ago in "Miss Springtime" Is Now the Wife of Felix Sommerhoff, Wall Street Broker, and Quite Happy in Spite of Tragic Reports.

THOUSANDS of New Yorkers will remember with pleasure Miss Sari Pettrass, the charming young Hungarian singer who won their hearts the moment she stepped on the stage in "Miss Springtime" at the New Amsterdam Theatre two years ago. Many of those who were saddened by published reports that Miss Pettrass had been executed as a spy in Budapest will be correspondingly rejoiced to learn that she is not only very much alive but also quite happy in spite of the embarrassing reports.
Miss Pettrass herself lent some color to the false reports when she disappeared from the stage several months ago and became the bride of Felix Sommerhoff, the Wall Street broker. They are spending the fall at his country place on Long Island, and for several weeks past the former actress has been contributing much of her time singing in the hospitals here to wounded soldiers recently returned from the battlefields of France.
Miss Pettrass was born in Budapest twenty-seven years ago. She is a niece of the Countess Kinsky who before her marriage was known on the German, French and English stage as Ilka Palmay, having attained celebrity as a singer and actress. Miss Palmay appeared at the Irving Place Theatre under Heinrich Conried eleven years ago. Miss Pettrass says her aunt was much opposed to her going on the stage, but that she finally overcame her aunt's objections. She first studied for the stage in Budapest and began by playing smaller parts in the King's Theatre there and in Berlin. Then Franz Lehar, the composer, introduced her to the late George Edwardes, the London musical comedy producer. He brought her to London in Franz Lehar's operetta "Gypsy Love" in 1912. The next year she sang there in "The Marriage Market" which ran until the war started.
The late Charles Frohman tried to induce Miss Pettrass to come to this country at that time, but she was unwilling to come then, she explains, because she did not know English well.
"I was in St. Moritz, Switzerland, about the time that this report of my execution was first circulated," said Miss Pettrass yesterday. "I left London when the war broke out and returned to Budapest and from there I went on a vacation to Switzerland instead of taking an engagement in my own country. It may be that this led to suspicion that I had given Government secrets to the enemy."
"I first learned that my execution as a spy had been reported in the American newspapers when I came to this country in August, 1916. The newspapers at that time published my picture and called attention to the fact that the spy reports were untrue and that I was still in the land of the living. I had supposed that would end the matter, but it has not, for the report has appeared two or three times since."
Miss Pettrass said she had been criticised when she first arrived here because she told reporters who met her at the steamship pier that she "loved England" and said nothing about her own country.
"Those who doubt my Hungarian sentiments," she said, "do not know me or bear ill will toward me. The war hurts me terribly. I think it worse than hell. I cannot grasp the meaning of so much fight and blood. Politics never interested me and it certainly never occurred to me that any of my remarks would be given political color. Even if I did say that I loved England, I meant the English theatrical and social life. I admit that I failed to say nice things about Hungary as I should have done. But I am Hungarian; it is only natural to me that all which is Hungarian is nice, is beautiful and noble because it is Hungarian. I do not feel it a necessity to praise my country thinking that I may seem distasteful."
"I did not see much of the war before I left. In Switzerland you would not know it was war, but when I made for Rotterdam to come to America I had to stay eight days in Frankfurt, and I had to go to the police station and tell who I was and get a little card for food. Then when I left Frankfurt I saw in the corner of my railway carriage a German officer. He began to talk to me and I thought he was a bore, and I said just 'yes' and 'no' and didn't talk. Then he said: 'From Rotterdam you can get boats to England.' I said: 'How can I go to England when I am Hungarian?' He talked a while longer, and when he left he showed me his card, and he was one of the chief detectives of the German Army. At the German frontier station the German officials were polite and attentive. My baggage wasn't even opened and a German Secret Service man helped me in forwarding it."
The false reports of Miss Pettrass's execution, so far as The Evening World has been able to trace them, were first received in this country in cable dispatches sent in February, 1916, to a Hungarian newspaper in Cleveland, Ohio. From Cleveland the report was scattered broadcast by the Cleveland Leader News Bureau.

Whys and Wherefores of Love And Matrimony

By Fay Stevenson

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No. 2—Why Old Bachelors Seldom Marry Old Maids

AN old-fashioned matchmaker is shaking her head thoughtfully over three new failures she has met with in the last year. Failures because she tried to marry three old bachelors to three old maids. The three bachelors are now all benighted, but the three spinsters are still clay in the matchmaker's hands. The first bachelor married a divorcee, the second a merry widow and the third a young Miss just fresh from boarding school.
One would naturally suppose that a poor, lonely old bachelor would prefer to wed a poor, lonely unmarried lady just about his own age. But matchmakers and all those well-meaning souls who have planned to marry some old maid aunt or sister off to one of these lonely old bachelors have found that such is not the case.
Whenever an old maid and old bachelor meet there is a clash and a very noticeable one, too. They seem to despise each other, as the cat and dog, and one can almost hear them muttering to each other: "You old maid!" and "You old bachelor!" "Why weren't you engaged at sweet sixteen?" and "Why haven't you taken a wife and supported her as other men?"
Now a married woman always puts herself out to be nice to the bachelor. She treats him just as a married man. She does not regard him as a new specimen, a matrimonial slacker or one to "handle with care." No matter how timid or non-talkative the bachelor, he always finds himself at home and comfortably at ease with the matron. There is something soothing about her to him, something which takes him back to the good

But the moment he comes in contact with a real old maid (not a bachelor girl) he feels like a schoolboy caught in some mischief by his teacher. He feels as if instead of playing "hooky" from school he had been playing "hooky" from matrimony. There is a certain look from the old maid's eye, a certain setness to her chin which plainly makes him feel he is being leaving undone many things which he ought to have done. He has no excuse to offer for remaining a bachelor and shirking matrimony all these years, and even if he had one he doesn't feel like telling her. Instead, he feels a strong inclination to run away, and he usually does!
You see the fact of it is that although the bachelor may be the same age as the old maid they are miles and miles behind each other. The bachelor has had many love affairs all these long years. He is still young and giddy at heart though his head may be bald and his teeth false! But the spinster has not had a love affair for many a year (if she ever had one at all)! Her heart has grown cold and covered with moss. She looks upon the bachelor's boyish laugh, twinkling eyes and giddy manner as the cat does upon the dog's bark and foolish pranks! She naturally hates this half-boy, who looks as old and 18 as old as she and still has the nerve to make an "old fool of himself."
From her quiet corner the old maid watches this creature (who is as old as she is, remember) blush when a sixteen-year-old maiden enters the room. Could a boy of sixteen make HER blush? She notes with disgust how well he tells his latest joke when a drowsy little widow rustles into